



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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No. 29 East 29th Street,
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For the Advocate and Guardian.

WOMAN'S MINISTRY.

A Story woven of Threats from Many Lives.

BY MELVA.

CHAPTER VII.

WINE-DRINKING.

"And such is conscience—so designed to keep Stern, central watch, though all things else may sleep."

"Hal, let us send Mrs. Spencer a glass of wine at dinner!"

"She won't take it if we do."

"Why not? She's a lady if she is religious, and I presume knows how to accept a glass of wine as gracefully as any lady we meet. I like her, and I shall send her one, with my compliments, this very day."

"And get refused for your trouble!"

"See if I get refused!"

"See if you do not! She is a regular Puritan, and would no sooner drink a glass of wine than she would dance, or play cards."

"I'd like to know, Ned, how you can determine so certainly, what this lady will not do! you seem shy of her, and have not had half the opportunity to learn her sentiments that I have. Truth is, I like her, and like to talk with her, but you seem to shy off, and have little to say in her presence."

"Nevertheless, I am probably more familiar with her sentiments and principles than you are, for you were not like myself, brought up among the strictest sect of Puritans."

"You brought up a Puritan! Well! that's new indeed. Great credit you do your birth and rearing, Hal!" and the young officer laughed heartily at the idea of any religious or Puritanic influences ever having been experienced in the education of the "fast young man" who stood at his side.

"Laugh as you will, Ned, but it is a fact, that after the strictest forms of religion, in the strictest of New England principles, was I educated. My father was a man who took the most severe, practical, and self-denying views of life, and tried to bring up his only son to do the same. My mother was a sweet, trusting woman, over whom the religion of love fell like a mantle, yet for the slightest thing that involved a principle of right, she would stand with the firmness of a martyr. I never saw a glass of wine in my father's house, and often wish I had never seen one elsewhere. I was brought up to look with horror and detestation upon social drinking, and all other fashionable amusements."

"Don't think you adhere very closely to your bringing up, as I said before! If ever there was a fellow who took life easy, and had a good time in it, it's you, Hal. No one would ever dream that your conscience was trammelled by any remembrances of early restraints, or that anything rigid in moral teachings, or self-denying in its doctrines, ever appeared upon the programme of your education."

"Nevertheless just such teachings constituted

the alpha and omega of my early education!"

"But don't the good Book say something about bringing up a child in the way it should go, and that those so brought up, will not depart from that good way when they get old?"

"The good Book says a great many things which I don't care to think about or talk about. I only wish I either believed it practically or could make up my mind to disbelieve it entirely, for in my present attitude of mind the mere mention of the Bible, or the discussion of the principles it teaches, gives me a most horrible fit of the blues."

"You don't seem to be often troubled with the blues."

"Often than you may think. Sometimes when I jest and laugh the loudest, it is to drive away the haunting memory of my mother's dying counsels, of the last prayer that trembled upon her lips for me, just as death set his seal upon them, of all the warnings and teachings that were lavished upon my childhood and youth. Yes, Ned, gay as I am, I know more about the blues than you suppose; I drink wine to drive them away. Could not live sometimes if it was not for wine and brandy!"

"Well, well, don't go to getting up a fit of them now, let us talk about something cheerful; give dull care to the wind! Life is short and I mean to make as much of it, and have as good a time in it as I can. If I had your leisure and your money I should stand a better chance for it than I now do!"

"Leisure and money are a curse to a young man! If I had never inherited more than my father's little sterile New England farm, and had been obliged to earn my bread from it by the sweat of my brow, I might have been a man!"

"What are you now, Hal? I thought you was quite a rich, accomplished, fashionable young man, for whom the young ladies had an especial fancy, and the matronly ones a marked respect."

"I am a miserable apology for a man—my life will prove a failure, and my money will be my ruin."

"Give it to me, then, I will keep it from spoiling you any farther."

"I would, if with it I could make over to you all the artificial wants it has developed in me, all the self-indulgence, all the paralyzed energies, all the moral taint its uncontrolled possession has induced in my character—if I could once more be the manly, uprigt, unsophisticated, healthful New England boy I was ten years ago, uncontaminated by the world, and the world at least none the worse for my existence in it."

Just then the call to dinner interrupted this *tete-a-tete*.

Mrs. Spencer had noticed with pain the convivial habits of the table, especially of these young men. She had longed for an opportunity to speak a warning word, or to utter a kind entreaty, but she would not do it obtrusively, for she remembered the injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." No such opportunity had as yet presented itself, but she watched and waited for it and at length it came in an unexpected moment. She was chatting with her husband at the dinner-table, when a servant presented a glass of wine, with the compliments of the young naval officer. The first temptation was to touch her lips to the glass, and thus accept and acknowledge the compliment without drinking the wine. If I am rude I shall repel and lose my influence and chance to do him good, she thought. The conventional lady and the desire to please clamored for a moment with stern principle, but only for a moment; if wine-drinking was an evil, then countenancing it and pretending to sip it, must be unadvisable and wrong. So the proffered wine-glass was utterly refused, though with a graceful acknowledgment of the compliment intended. It was a hard thing for Fannie Spencer to do—it clashed sadly with her love of pleasing. The flush had not faded from her cheek, nor had she quite recovered her composure, when another waiter presented her another glass of wine, with the compliments of the captain, whose seat was quite remote from hers, and who had not been cognisant of what had just passed. Again she refused, and again reiterated her assurance that she never drank wine, returning her compliments.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy observed all this, and he, with a slightly contemptuous curl of the lip, remarked to his wife after dinner, "no matter if she did not drink wine, she might have acknowledged the attention, and just touched her lips to the glass."

Mrs. Roy had a little womanly perversity in defending her new fancy for Mrs. Spencer, and so replied somewhat tartly, "I do not see why people should pretend to drink wine when they

do not drink it, and do not approve of its use. I suppose, however, one cannot really be a lady without knowing how both to speak and act falsehoods."

"I declare, May, you are becoming quite a champion for the truth; we shall miss you soon from the ranks of fashionable life, I fear!"

"Didn't I tell you, Ned, you would get refused?"

"Well, I don't like it much, she won't refuse me again, I am sure."

Mrs. Spencer was on deck with her husband just as the sun was sinking to its ocean bed. They had been watching its going down, and gazing on the calm but mighty sea, that spread its world of waters around them, and whilst they gazed, they wondered, and bowed their hearts in worship of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.

Turning from their contemplation of the sunset scene, Mr. Spencer was accosted by a gentleman with whom he was soon absorbed in conversation, and Mrs. Spencer found herself in close proximity with the young man whom we have introduced to our readers as Hal. An inspiration was on her soul; she was filled with the sense of God's presence, and out of the fulness of her heart she spoke to the young man of the danger and evil of tampering with strong drink, and of the true ends of life and manhood. She talked warily and wisely, yet earnestly, eloquently and fearlessly. She told him she knew what a mother's heart was, for she had a son, an only, and anxiously-loved and watched son, and asked him to receive what she said as dictated by a maternal heart, that yearned over some other mother's son—perhaps some Christian mother's best beloved, for whom she yet prayed in his wanderings, or perchance his mother's prayers and admonitions were blended with the memories of an earlier day, before her voice was hushed in death. The young man was moved, his eyes filled, and his voice trembled when he bade her good night and thanked her for her interest in him, remarking: "It is the first time since my mother died, that any one has spoken to me on religious subjects."

"Quite a bold stroke, Fannie," remarked her husband; "I almost trembled for its effect."

"It came from my heart, Edward, I was impelled to it—I could not repress it. It was kindly and courteously received—God grant it may do some good."

Next day Mrs. Spencer found opportunity to explain to the naval officer the reasons for her refusal of the glass of wine, and courteously and earnestly urged upon him the most serious considerations for an abandonment of a habit which she feared would ruin his soul and body. She entreated him, for his friend's sake, to

throw his influence into a better scale, pointing out to him what was apparent even to a stranger, that his own and his friend's habit of drinking must soon become hopelessly confirmed unless abandoned. He listened with great apparent interest, his wounded pride vanished before the charm and sincerity of her manner. He admitted the force of her warnings, and for the first time in his life, received an earnest, tender and pressing invitation to seek the Great Salvation. He had lived almost thirty years in a land of Christians, had attended upon the service of the sanctuary, it is true very irregularly, and with long intermissions, and yet never before had minister or layman, friend or stranger, brought the gospel to him individually, and urged upon him its acceptance.

He is but one of a great multitude who live in our Christian communities, that have too much reason to say, "No man careth for my soul." Little marvel is it that many refuse to admit that professing Christians really believe their own religious theories. Who of us professing Christ, redeemed and saved, as we trust, by His blood, with solemn vows upon us to co-operate with Him in the great work of redemption—who of us are indeed always "living epistles, known and read of *all* men?"

Shall we not redeem the time, and be more diligent in our calling?

For the Advocate and Guardian.

DORCAS.

BY H. BUCKLEY

"Never yet has our Dorcas-room been *entirely* empty."
—*Advocate*, March 1st, 1861.

"DORCAS," that name so full of cheer,
The poor of earth delight to hear;
They dearly love to spread her fame,
For deeds performed in Jesus' name

A learner at her Master's feet,
To do His will, was more than meet,
Like Him, it was her daily joy,
Among the poor to find employ.

She kindly sought for those in need,
And proved she loved them by her deed;
The widows shared her constant care,
And did her coats and garments wear

When they were called with her to part,
The deepest anguish filled the heart;
As they stood round her dying bed,
How many sorrowing tears were shed.

But when to Joppa Peter came,
He prayed with faith in Jesus' name;
And Dorcas lived, again to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

A blessed name—by all admired;
To noble acts it has inspired
Thousands, on whom her mantle rests,
Whose Christ-like deeds the poor have blest.

He that knows himself, knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

GRANDMOTHERS' THOUGHTS.

SATAN makes a great fool of us, when he persuades us to believe that we have too much intellect, to trust the Word of God. "O, it is so hard for me to believe, I need so much evidence, my mind is so constituted that it requires a great deal of argument." While he is thus playing the fool with you, he is believing and trembling under the power of his faith, he knows that God means what He says. Poor soul, it is easy for you to take God at His word, if you are willing to lay aside your hindrances and do your duty. Cloak your faithless disobedience no longer beneath the vain thought, that you have too much mind to believe the Word of God.

Temptation, or shrinking timidity, are not inconsistent with some of the higher walks of faith and love, yet there are times when not a shade of hesitation interferes with arduous and difficult duties. And the fruit is sometimes most apparent when there was the greatest struggle to meet the requirement.

It is very pleasant to think of a promise, but in the absence of the immediate application of one by the Holy Spirit, take up the Bible or Promise-book, and let the eye meet the truth of God, and you will find the painful vacuum of the mind filled, or the temptation dispelled. Holy recollection is maintained by having the heart well imbued with the truth of God.

A taste which enjoys all kinds of reading, has no great relish for the pure, sublime truth of God. Much of the secret of holy living is in praising God, praise keeps contentment alive, keeps faith on the wing, sits lovingly at the foot of the Cross; praise foils the tempter when other weapons fail, says, Thy will be done, and makes us cheerful when the worldling is sorrowful; because the holy soul knows that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Pick up love wherever you may find it, if it is not from the natural source, whence you have a right to expect it. We are often too particular about the way in which our affections and sympathies may be gratified, for we find God, in His wisdom, permits the pruning-knife to come where it is hardest to bear, for the very reason that we were in that spot in danger of idolatry, or slothful ease. The nest on earth must be continually stirred, that feeling the thorns, we may soar away into Christ, our rest.

Y.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE SCARLET VERBENA.

"May I have one of these flowers?"

I looked up, but the voice called twice before I saw that it was my neighbor Hannah that spoke. Poor child! there she stood on one of the bright mornings of sum-

mer, looking now at a small bed of treasured flowers, and then up at the window where I sat. Hannah was a fit representative of a home of drunkenness and sorrow.

"May I have one of these flowers?"

"Yes," I replied, "you may have some of those catchflies and pansies."

"It is that one I meant," said the child, as she bent over a brilliant verbena, the first blossom of the season.

"There is but one of that sort," I answered. "I cannot pick the verbena without hurting the slender plant. Take the others now, and by-and-by, when there are more in bloom, I will give you a bouquet."

The little garden was carefully watched as she passed every day to and from the district school, and large demands were made from time to time, upon my bounty. Perhaps I became too weary of her frequent asking, and but for the thought of something like "the cup of cold water" to one whose childhood had few pleasures, I should sometimes have closed the curtain and remained silent. She has a soul, thought I, and it might blossom out in genial goodness would but some wise and tender hand guide and prune its straggling growth. One day I called Hannah and inquired, "What makes you love flowers, my child?"

"I don't know, ma'am," she replied, "only they are pretty."

"Did you ever think who makes the flowers and everything there is in this beautiful world?"

"I suppose God did; He made everything."

"What sort of a Being should you think God must be to do all this?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I guess He must know ever so much. He made me, but I don't know much about Him."

"Did you ever go to church, Hannah?"

"Yes, I went twice in L—. The minister talked and prayed, and then they all sang. I liked to hear the people sing."

"Can you remember anything the minister said, Hannah?"

"Not much; it was something about Jesus Christ and something about a Lamb."

I then tried to tell her of the Lamb of God and how He had died for her. She listened—her large eyes staring in my face with wonder. "Would you like to be like Jesus, I asked, so gentle and loving and good?"

"I guess so," was her answer, but then she added, "I never have seen him."

"When you go away from this garden you will not see me. You say that you love me; how can you think of loving me when I am out of sight?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Hannah, "because I see the flowers you give me, and I can think of you all the time."

"And cannot you think of the Lord Jesus, my dear child, and learn to love Him, when you remember how much He has done for you?"

"I don't know, ma'am," she said; "is that the way to love Jesus?"

"That is one way, Hannah; but if you love Jesus, you will try to become good and show your love by doing something for Him. You have little brothers and sisters, you can be very kind to them and teach them to love the Saviour. You can do much for your mother, too, when she is sad or ill, you can make her happy by pleasant words and by trying to show her some little kindness. Will you try to be good, Hannah, and do all the good you can?"

There was no reply, a tear was on her sun-burnt cheek, and she went away. How could I have wished that the child should not come so often!

After this, Hannah's calls were frequent until the school term closed. The last day came, and with it the recollection of my promise of the long-coveted flower. It was but a trifle, yet to her it might be much, and who may know the result of one slight promise broken? I was almost impatient of her multiplied requests at a season when the garden is less lavish with its beauty, and perhaps more from duty than from love, I stripped the pet verbena of its scarlet flower.

"You know, Hannah," said I, "that I promised to give you some of these pretty flowers."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you," she replied, and then hesitating a moment, her brown eyes staring wandringly into mine, she added, "Now I know you love Christ, because you are so kind to me."

Ah! thought I, as she turned away, does He who sees my heart, pass the same judgment on my motives for so slight a gift to this intrusive child? I felt that she had awarded me a higher praise than He who saw the impatient feeling with one of His little ones, I could only go, with tears in my eyes, to my closet and pray that henceforth my love might be unwearied, and that I might never again neglect to gather flowers of heavenly truth for the untaught and forsaken.

E. L. E.

MUSTERING IN.

WE may be permitted to take hints from the present posture of our national affairs. Among other spectacles witnessed in these distressing times of war, is the mustering in of men who have turned from their ordinary occupations to become soldiers. As they present themselves for acceptance, it is not only their good intentions which are regarded, but they have to undergo a rigid inspection as to their health, vigor, and powers of endurance; and when accepted, they must submit to a code of disciplinary laws, and, before entering into active service, they must be properly equipped. If all this carefulness is exercised in constructing an efficient army, why should it not be much more necessary in preparing soldiers of the Cross for the conflict with spiritual enemies? In this enlistment for the holy war, the great Commander does not require a mere nominal al-

legiance ; He wants men whose hearts are pledged to His cause, and who will bravely contend with all opposing forces. All who are mustered in must be ready with heart and hand, with property and life, in the King's service. The parading of soldiers in time of peace and war is a very different thing ; holiday soldiers will do for the first, but a different class is required for the other. In Christian warfare, no holiday soldiers are called for ; no mere camp followers, who are an incumbrance rather than an aid. Men of principle and resolution, who are prepared to submit to rigid discipline, who are ready to deny themselves, and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, are the ones approved. As war is a sifting time, separating the patriotic and the brave from the cowardly and the pretending, so the true soldiers of Jesus are more conspicuous when times of persecution and distress arise. What an army does the Church enroll in times of prosperity ? but do they all prove good men when difficulties surround them, and battle is to be waged ? Now, it is evident from the very nature of the Christian conflict, that it is never a holiday affair ; he that is not ready to fight the good fight of faith, can lay no claim to the crown of life ; and whatever may be the formal professions of men, none others can be mustered in, in the great army of the Lord !

REV. MR. WATKINS' COAT.
[Concluded.]

MEANWHILE the minister wended his way through the pelting storm, the white dove of his wife's pure love nestling in his bosom and keeping his heart warm and glad. Mr. Grote was upon the moment of his departure, and the presence of the man of God was of great blessing to his fainting spirit. Who else could whisper in his ear so welcomingly the promises that sustain in the hour of trial ! The wife, overcome with weeping, did but hold back his soul from its flight, the minister with the vision of a more than earthly glory in his mind, strengthened his faith by a view of the better inheritance, and spread his wings toward the immortal life.

It was but a few steps to Mr. Ward's, and the house looked inviting as he neared its portals. The broad blaze from the windows bespoke warmth and cheer within, and he was soon enveloped in an atmosphere of luxury and comfort. So exhilarating was the influence of his bright surroundings, that he was borne away from the memory of every struggle and mortification. His wife's injunctions were all forgotten ; his conversational powers received a new impetus, and the unfortunate right arm, instead of lying modestly and passively upon his lap, 'neath the sheltering cloak, never before made such frequent gestures and such wonderful gyrations.

Mr. Ward, resplendent in cloth of finest

texture, could not but contrast the rusty appearance of his guest, as his cloak fell wholly from his shoulders during his earnest conversation ; and Mrs. Ward, more than once, felt a blush of mingled pity and shame as her minister's "seedy" habit condemned her own and her husband's extravagant wardrobe.

Forgetfulness of self makes a man both graceful and easy, and Mr. Watkins made an unusual impression upon his richest parishioners, at the very time of all others when one would have expected him to be conscious and awkward.

"I wish you would happen in often," said his host and hostess, as he arose to take his departure ; "Why not bring Mrs. Watkins and the children to-morrow, and spend the day ?"

"I will, I will," said he ; "that will be just the thing, it is my birthday, and it will be a sort of family treat for wife and the little folks."

"Promised to spend the day at the Wards !" exclaimed his astonished help-meet, as he informed her of the pleasure in prospect. "What, with the old coat ?"

"I didn't think ! we can't go, wife," returned he, the downcast expression coming upon his face again ; "I'll send Jamie over in the morning with a note. I must have made a strange figure there, Jane ! I didn't once remember the coat, and I'm sure I made a great many gestures."

"And didn't keep the cloak about you, after all I said ?"

"I'm afraid not, Jane ; somehow, when I get eager, talking, I lose sight of everything but what is said, there's a real delight in forgetting the outer man once in awhile, and speaking to one's fellow, spirit unto spirit."

"Ah, well, what's ended can't be mended," said the little woman, her face glowing at the thought of her good man's *expose* ; "if you men had but a woman's tact though, you'd get along much better in life ; somehow if there is a worst foot, you will put it forward, while I should draw it under my skirts, and make the most of the better one. However, I dare say you made yourself so agreeable that they didn't notice what you wore, I forget it myself often, James."

"If only everybody looked at me with your eyes, all would be well," replied the delighted husband, put into good humor with himself by his wife's praise.

"If they don't," returned she, "it's because they're too stupid to appreciate real merit, and they're not worth minding. I wouldn't give a fig for the opinion of anybody that doesn't see you just exactly as I do ! But what shall we do for the birth-day ?" continued she, remembering suddenly the eventful period that ushered into being this one idol of her existence. "To be sure I shall make the plum pudding as usual ; but, dear me, as for gifts, you'll have to live upon the past, James. I haven't a single

tribute for my husband this year, that's what makes me feel the times. When I want to surprise you with some pretty present, and all I can do, I can't scrape the means together."

"Never mind the gifts, love, so long as I can retain the precious one you bestowed upon me at the altar, I care little for others, besides, it is my place to be donor, or what would the world be benefited by my advent into it ! I think people on their birthdays should do something for the welfare of their fellow-men, and so prove their birth a blessing to mankind. I want to impress Mary and Jamie with this idea, and must therefore try in some way to confer a pleasure upon them, poor little souls ! Wife, I believe it is my duty to put aside my pride, and coat or no coat, accept the Ward's invitation for to-morrow. Yes, we will go ! pity if, at my age and with my Christian experience, I cannot subdue the flesh unto the spirit !"

The minister spoke vehemently, and his wife felt a secret pleasure in his determination, for it was seldom enough that she stepped out of her quiet routine, either for rest or recreation, and the relaxation of a whole day from toil, would recruit her for months to come.

There was terrible commotion in the parsonage next morning. Such scrubbing of the little folks, such ransacking of the family wardrobe, such sponging, and smoothing, and pulling and pinning, in order to be tolerably presentable. And lastly, such an over-hauling of the old coat, a stitch here, and a sponge there, and a little ink over a small white spot where the interlining showed, and which darning would only make more visible.

Mrs. Watkins, in a black silk that she had worn since the year one, was quite equal with her Rev. husband in point of style, and the two children sporting the remodeled garments of the Broughton juveniles, were about of a piece with father and mother ; but all were elated by the prospect of "a grand good time," and had the sense to make the best of a bad matter, and forget all ills.

Somehow, women and children, even in their lowest estate, are never really as pitiable as a shabby man, and Rev. Mr. Watkins did look shabby indeed on this birthday visit at his parishioner's. His wife had thought him "rather smart" as she put the finishing touches on, in their humble home, but now, in the gilded frame of Mr. Ward's fine establishment, the worst lights of the picture were obvious.

She wished they would but darken the windows a little, and she herself ventured, under pretense of looking into the street, to shut half of an inner blind. But Mr. Watkins was in his element, and as unconscious as on the evening previous, of his external appearance he was continually getting into the most conspicuous places, and the broadest lights, notwithstanding his wife's considerate finger upon

her chin, a preconcerted signal that he was "making a parade of himself."

To cap the climax, at dinner, when asked to pronounce a blessing, instead of folding his hands under the table, he rested his elbows on the board—a thing she had seldom known him to do before—and clasped his hands high in air. To be sure, if the people were attending to their devotions, they wouldn't see him, but after the "Amen," when every head was raised, he must retain his posture long enough for every eye to notice his defects. The little woman was really miserable, until her heart was turned away from all thought of her husband, by the glad faces of the children as they participated in the bountiful provision made for their father's birthday-feast. Then she entered into the spirit of their joy, and father and the old coat sunk into a temporary oblivion.

The subject of one's humiliation, however, cannot long be absent from his mind, and Mrs. Watkins' happy forgetfulness was of very short duration. Say what one may of the partiality that makes those intimately acquainted lenient towards each other's defects, it is by no means a truism. Quite the contrary, is the experience of every faithful friend. So jealous indeed is he of the reputation and honor of the beloved one, that he is most painfully sensitive to the slightest cause in him of ridicule or disgrace.

The minister's wife would not have cared particularly if Mr. Ward's habiliments had been of the most *outrée* fashion, and the most rusty hue, excepting for the natural benevolence that rendered her more comfortable for everybody's prosperity and blessing; but it was quite another thing to see her husband, "the best and most elegant of his sex," in the attire of a poverty-stricken work-man, when "he was worthy to be clad like a prince, and to compete with the noblest in the land." And yet if she could have seen him in her host's fine clothes, with that lack of mental culture that is so apparent in the conversation of many a rich man, she would have blushed with deeper shame than was ever awakened by a mean exterior. "James has a fund within him that the lapse of time will only improve and brighten," thought she, coming to her better self, as she listened to his flow of eloquence and wisdom. "I'd rather have him, in his old coat, than any other man I ever saw, even with raiment of gold and gems. But, dear me! if he only wouldn't make such a display of it! the man seems to be possessed to show off every bad place in it to-day! I ought to have bound the wrists with worn galloon, the new black makes the age so much more obvious! My husband has such a beautiful forehead! there's such a godly impress upon it, it's worth more than all the fine attire in the world!"

And so the little woman's pride and mortification alternated all the day, until she clasped

the old coat-sleeve, with a self-complacent, grateful hug, as she wended her way homeward.

"We've had a splendid time!" said she, as they reached the sanctity of the quiet study; "but, James, I think you and the children look better in our humble home, and I believe I'm a great deal happier when I haven't to trouble myself about how you appear to other eyes."

"Ashamed of the old coat! Confess now, wife! If I can but find this little weakness in you, Jane, I shall feel quite comfortable myself."

"Well then, James, I acknowledge I should have been better satisfied if your outer man had corresponded somewhat with the inner, and I'm afraid I indulged in a murmuring spirit occasionally to-day; but it is all over now. I have not lost my faith in God's good providence, and I am sure that in His wise time, a way will be provided for the supply of all our necessities. The pressure of poverty is often severe upon us, but it has never wholly crushed us. Often when we get down so low as to look anxiously and fearfully for an additional weight, suddenly the Divine hand has removed the burden and raised us wonderfully above all need."

"That reminds me, wife, we haven't looked at my parcel yet, I left it in the hall with my cloak—run and get it, Jamie; Mr. Ward said he thought the parson's birthday ought to be remembered."

"Let's wish over it, before we open it, mother," said Mary.

"All ready?" asked Mrs. Watkins, loosing the string, and winding it on her finger, to be laid aside for an emergency.

"Now, what is your wish?"

"Coat!" burst simultaneously from mother, father, and the little ones, the one worn object being the burden of every desire.

"And coat it is!" exclaimed the minister, triumphantly, smoothing the satin nap of the fine cloth with great delight; "who would have thought I should ever have a new coat again!"

"And ten dollars!" said the wife examining the accompanying note. "That'll get a vest-pattern and pay for the making of both. I'm afraid your 'elephant' will ruin you, father; it will create so many other necessities!"

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Watkins, "it's pretty much like the 'new wig,' it'll make the rest of my attire shabby enough, but we won't mind that, it's a fine gift, wife, such as I never expected to see again; the cloth's 'most too rich for a poor minister, though."

"Not a bit," retorted Mrs. Watkins, a little sharply. She never could bear her husband to depreciate himself.

"And I needn't refuse to go to that wedding," soliloquized the minister, holding the cloth up to the light, and musing thoughtfully upon the chances in his parochial line.

"Is anybody to be married, pa?" asked Mary, her mind intent upon wedding-cake.

"I suppose so, my child, I suppose so; at least," continued he, waking up, "if such a thing should happen, I could go, now I've got my new coat."

"One thing I'm sure of, husband," said the minister's wife, with a compunctuous tear in her eye, "I'll never, never fret over another ill, as long as I live; it only makes me ugly and disagreeable, and I'm convinced that so long as we try to perform faithfully our allotted duties in life, and look confidently to our Almighty Benefactor, for our daily bread, it will be supplied us. I'm almost ashamed to receive such a mercy to-night; my heart was so rebellious to-day, while our Gracious Friend was already thinking of our wants, and making provision for them."

"Well, wife, it is a difficult thing to be always hopeful and trustful, in the midst of poverty and discouragements; but I'll give you my tribute, you are the most buoyant little woman in the time of trial that I ever met, and I really do not believe that without your patience and cheerfulness as my example, I could so resignedly have sported my old garment. It's most astonishing to me that my parishioners did not notice my appearance long ago, and feel ashamed of me; but somehow they seemed to wholly overlook my shabby clothes."

"No wonder at all to me, James; I've always told you you make a better figure in an old thing than any other man does in a new one; but I'm glad enough to have you discard this poor threadbare affair;" and Mrs. Watkins touched the garment here and there, pointing out defects in it that she had hitherto shut her eyes against with a praiseworthy determination.

"Nevertheless," said Rev. Mr. Watkins tenderly, as he folded his long-tried companion, and laid it gently over the chair, "nevertheless, wife, it has been to me a close friend, a faithful associate, and a very serviceable old coat."

THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS

AN EVANGELICAL ROSARY.

Jesus' name shall ever be
For my heart its Rosary;
I will tell it o'er and o'er,
Ever dearer than before.

Ave Maria may not be
For my heart its Rosary;
Jesus! Saviour! All in all!
Other name why should I call!

Morning hymns and evening lays,
Noontide prayer and midnight praise,
Heart and voice, and tune and time,
Jesus! all shall sweetly chime.

Descant dear, celestial chant,
More than meeting every want,
Joys or griefs may changeful throng,
Jesus still my changeless song.

Pleasure's charm, and trouble's calm,
Redolent with healing balm,
Grace on grace in Jesus' name,
All of heaven my hope and claim.

In my soul each tenderest chord,
Answereth, One Saviour, Lord!
Jesus, the eternal hymn,
Sung by saint and seraphim.

Jesus! breathe my every breath,
Jesus, on my last in death,
Thou my precious present prize,
Thou my joy beyond the skies.

1842.

REV. DR. W. A. MUHLENBURGH.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TALKS WITH JESUS.

NO. V.

DISCIPLE. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

CHRIST. Love thy neighbor as thyself. Luke 10. 27.

D. But, Lord, some are so unlovely—so unrefined in manner, so unpleasant in disposition, so uncongenial in pursuits, so unworthy in character, that I cannot love them.

C. Thou canst love all as thy Father in heaven does, who "makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth the rain on the just and on the unjust. Thou mayst embrace all, with that out-spreading, holy Charity, which suffereth long and is kind; which seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." There should be no living person for whom thou canst not pray, towards whom thou canst not feel a good will, and for whom thou wouldst not, if opportunity offered, do a favor. This holy Charity, this sweet Christ-like benevolence, will make thee generous, gentle, forbearing, patient, humble, self-sacrificing. It will keep thee ever ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with those who weep." It will identify thee by a tender sympathy with the circumstances and situation of all around thee. This is fulfilling "the royal law" according to the Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is complying with the golden rule. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

D. But there are those, oh, Lord, who, forgetting this precept themselves, trample upon my rights, wound my feelings, stand in the way of my success; and wilfully insult and injure me. Can I love such?

C. I say unto you, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you. I know that to the unrenewed heart, this seems impossible, but to the soul that has been born of God it is possible. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, breathes a celestial influence upon all about thee. And the nearer you live to God

and heaven, the more you will receive and impart of this heavenly atmosphere.

D. But some people are wicked, O Lord, enemies to Thee, disbelieving Thy holy Word, and disregarding Thy honor, sinning with a high hand and a stretched-out arm against Thee. May I not hate them that hate Thee?

C. Assuredly, if thy hatred is pure and holy, like that of a holy God. God hates the sin, but loves the sinner with a pitying, yearning, enduring tenderness, which leads him to bring to bear upon the rebellious heart every appropriate appliance, to lead him to repentance and to draw him God-ward. So mayst thou pity and love, pray and labor for the vilest, the most repulsive of sinners. Be as anxious to lead the worst to Christ and to the infinite blessings He can bestow, as to participate thyself in the salvation so graciously provided. This is truly to love thy neighbor as thyself. Remember that God loves every creature He has made, just the same as He does you, feels towards them the same compassion, the same earnest desire to redeem them, the same readiness to fold them to the heart of His love. Try to enter, then, into the heart of God and feel for others as He does.

D. Lord, my understanding apprehends this glorious truth. Incline my will to accept it.

C. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

D. "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

C. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

"God's love sustains the lowest life
Whate'er doth live or perish,
And man may not disdain to love,
What God hath loved to cherish.

Love is the law, the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending,
The hate shall die, the strife shall cease,
But love is never-ending."

H. E. B.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE MIRAGE.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death.—Prov. 14. 12.

It is Sabbath morning, a bright summer day, clear, fresh, calm. A day the Lord hath made all glorious for himself. A day when the soul may worship with the great congregation, commune with God, renew the covenant of love, and waiting before him, fly on eagles' wings toward heaven. Blessed day of a crucified, risen, glorified Saviour and intercessor.

But, alas! a gay vision flits across the spirit and draws its gaze to the mirage lifted high in air; fairy lands, glittering castles, with tower and battlement lost in gorgeous clouds. Gold and gems, love and pleasure, all the sweet melodies earth can give are there.

A timid look, a few uncertain steps toward this golden land, when a voice, a sweet, pleading voice comes. "My friend, will you

leave me to-day, to grieve over slighted love?" "Oh, no! only one look more, it is so brilliant, one step, the way is so fair."

A second time the voice is heard, but farther away, fainter, sweeter, sadder, "Child, my child, your loving Father waits to bless." "I come, dear Father, one moment more, these glories shall not hold me."

Ah! it is onward now, moment after moment, towards the entrancing beauty. But once more the breeze bears the voice to the dull ear, "Child, return, the way is fair, but it is not the heavenly city, the dead are there."

There is no answering voice, the child has wandered, has entered the glowing portal, revels in the sensual pleasure, hears only the song of the siren.

Half a Sabbath day's journey toward the New Jerusalem lost, utterly lost. Oh, soul, what will you do now, the Holy Spirit grieved, your friend deserted, your Father dishonored, and the golden mirage faded away. Nothing left now but the dark, rough, rocky way, tears and agony; no light, no heaven. Conscience aroused at last, asks bitterly, "Why did you look? why wander, for even one moment? Why grieve your Saviour and refuse to be blessed? Flee back forever, deceitful heart, over the stony way, return to your Father. He may, he will let you lie down beneath the cross, that the blood may cover your sin. But, oh, beware lest again, venturing on enchanted ground, your Father should leave you to meet the woes of the second death."

DOUBLE DISTILLED RASCALITY.

[We are requested, through the P. O. department, to insert the following. We have had painful occasion to feel the force of these remarks and would like to commend them to the careful attention of those whose consciences may affirm, "Thou art the man."—Ed.]

VARIOUS benevolent institutions in this and other cities, have for a long time suffered considerable pecuniary loss by the stealing of money-letters sent them from all parts of the country. Considering that the resources of these institutions are derived almost entirely from the contributions of those who sympathize with the poor and sick, and the neglected outcasts of society, one would think that even a slight feeling of compassion would withhold the hand of any one in human form from violating the sanctity of such charitable offerings. A highwayman would blush to rob a helpless child, and many notorious cut-purses have scorned to take from the poor his little all; indeed, they have been known, not unfrequently, to relieve the wants of the destitute, and thus have shown that every spark of humanity was not dead within them.

But these thieves, who intercept the supplies designed for the support and comfort of widows and orphans—who steal with sacrilegious hands the offerings placed upon the altar of charity.

are as far beneath ordinary rascals as ordinary rascals are beneath honest men. In Coleridge's poem, "The Devil's Thoughts," wherein this personage is represented as having gone a walking

"To visit his snug little farm—the earth,
And see how his stock goes on,"

no mention is made of that portion of his stock which we are endeavoring to characterize, for the reason, probably, that not even the poet's imagination could conceive of such a profundity of meanness as that which these beings have reached.

Let them make the case their own; let them fancy their own wives and children left destitute and dependent, and deprived of the supplies intended to relieve their wants, by the villainy of persons who act just as they themselves are doing. To them Justice will be meted out in all its strictness, since their offense is without the palliations that are sometimes found for the house-breaker, and even the murderer.—*Holbrook's U. S. Mail.*

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

ESTELLE.

AMONG the bright eyes which joyfully greet the coming of the *Advocate*, there are none brighter than were a pair of blue eyes which sparkled with pleasure or filled with tears over its tales of joy and sorrow but a few short weeks ago. Those eyes are closed now; the green sod covers them. The white hands once so busy in good works are folded over the quiet breast which shall heave no more in anguish nor swell with shouts of triumph, and Estelle sleeps. I am going to tell you how she died, children. She was a child full of joy and hope. A little more than a year ago her kind father carried her and her sister Mary to a camp meeting which was held in a grove a few miles from their home. They seemed much affected by the truths they heard, and a young minister present seeing their emotion invited them into a prayer circle. Soon their tears were changed for beaming smiles of joy and they returned home to tell the joyful story. "Oh, mamma, we have found the Saviour." Several of her young friends were so affected by her appeals that they, too, gave their hearts to the dear Saviour. For more than a year the voices of these dear children have mingled with ours in class-meetings, in praying-circles, in the Sabbath school, and many a hardened heart has been melted into tenderness, while listening to the story of the cross from those guileless lips.

A short time ago Estelle was taken very ill with diphtheria, a most distressing disease. She told her friends she wanted to die. She

was going to Jesus. For more than a week she lingered upon that couch of suffering, yet she accomplished more for the cause of Christ in that week, than many Christians do in a life-time. "Oh, I am happy, so happy; nothing but religion could make me so happy here," she often exclaimed. Pa, you won't weep for me when I am gone. Ma and sister, you will not mourn for me, will you? It is so much better for me. Do not dress in mourning. I want to go to Jesus, and I shall be happy there. When I am buried let the minister preach from this text. 'Weep not for me,' and let them sing:

'Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
At the spoils which death hath won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, Thy will be done.
Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone,
Thou didst give and Thou hast taken,
Evermore, Thy will be done.'

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. The churches were gathered for worship in the accustomed place, but the shadow of death seemed hovering over them, for they knew that one of the lambs of the fold was about passing through the valley, and many earnest prayers were offered that the Saviour she loved and trusted, would go with her. Those prayers were heard. Estelle lay propped upon pillows with laboring breath. She had been giving her father a most affecting message for the church and Sabbath school, "and now, pa, what *can* I say to those who do not love the Saviour." She closed her eyes for a moment and then said, "Tell them Estelle cannot pray for them much more. Tell them they will find a dying bed a hard place to repent, and tell them Estelle's dying entreaty was, Prepare to meet me in heaven." "Now, pa, tell me about the resurrection. Then followed question after question, deep and solemn, but soon to be solved by the young spirit pluming its wings for immortality. Her physician was about leaving and she called him to her bedside. She took his hand and thanked him for all his kindness, but his skill could not save her, for God had called her. "Will you promise to meet me in heaven, doctor?" The strong man bowed before the child-saint and said, "Yes, dear, I will try and meet you in heaven." Her playmates must next be sent for, and with choking sobs and tears they received her dying warnings and farewells. Not a tear dimmed her eye, her countenance shone with a holy light, and all the fierce pangs of dissolution failed to extort a murmur from her pallid lips. Her work was done and well done and she has entered into rest. Thus died Estelle Reid, a child of ten summers; and, children, this grace, which made her life and death so beautiful, you, too, may enjoy. Strive as she did to do the work of a long life in a little time and then, if Death calls you in the morning of your years, you may go as joyfully as she did, and leave a memory as sweet as the perfume of flowers.

EFFIE JOHNSON.

BEE BREAD.

CHAPTER X.

My dear young friends:—I often think of you, and just now am tearfully reminded of you, by hearing particulars of the severe sickness and death of one of our beloved "busy bees." His name is Josie, he lived on earth only eight winters and seven summers. His heart had long been deeply interested for the orphans and desolate children, who find protection and care in the "Home for the Friendless." It has been suggested that it were better to call it the "Home of the Befriended." Last winter, Josie's spare time was occupied in working for the Home. It was Josie, too, who procured the box at the store, drew it home on his hand-sled, and then assisted his mother to pack closely the various articles, earnestly using all the strength he had. The days grew short and cold, and he begged that the work might be hastened and the box forwarded immediately. "I am sure," said he, "they need the clothes now, for it is so cold." Josie had studied and heard much about the many interesting and curious things that are to be seen in this great metropolis of the western hemisphere. Still the only anxiety that he expressed respecting his anticipated visit here, with his parents, was to see the children at the Home. Our Heavenly Father often comes into this, His earthly garden, and plucks the choicest flower! Sometimes, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, He desolates the place where it grew! He transplants it into the heavenly garden, the paradise of eternal life, where it will never again wither, but will bloom in glory and joy throughout eternity.

Our Saviour often manifests His love for little children, and He loves their parents tenderly, and when He takes to Himself their dear ones, He sends richer supplies of His Holy Spirit into the hearts of those who meekly bear the sore bereavement; thus kindly preparing them to dwell hereafter with their blessed child-flower in heaven.

Dear children, I want to tell you in this chapter, something about the 'Industrial School for Boys,' No. 435 Fourth Avenue, which has been commenced just three months. The scholars cannot yet be called orderly children, like our busy bees, although they are improving rapidly in their manners. They have never read the *Advocate*, nor ever did they, as a little friend said to me, "read verses all around, and then sing before papa prays." They have no knowledge of family worship, many have not been taught to make any preparation for the Sabbath-day. To be bathed on Saturday, be arrayed in clean apparel on Sabbath, have a place in the Sunday-school, and a seat in the Lord's house would be strange things to many of them. You, who live in pleasant homes, have good food to eat and comfortable raiment to wear, can hardly realize how poor children exist in circumstances the most opposite. Wearing continuously the same miserable clothing, lying down to sleep upon some rags and straw, or

upon the bare, unwashed floor; obliged to beg their food from door to door, and often times suffering from hunger. Great, indeed, are the hardships and the physical neglect to which these poor children are subject, and, oh! how fearful is the moral degradation that surrounds them. Their situation was very much like that of those in the far-off lands of heathenism, not taught to pray to stocks and stones, though quite as low in the scale of civilization. This school is a bright oasis in the desert of their young lives, an island in the wild Sahara.

You will rejoice that these boys, no matter how ragged and desolate they may be, are welcomed to a place of instruction, and that by studying and good behavior, they earn clothing for themselves; are taught to read and write, and to sing the praises of God. When these children were first gathered together, they often reminded us of the descendants of Ishmael, of whom it was prophesied, that their "hand should be against every man." The prevailing impression on their minds seemed to be, to avenge some wrong, or at least to act on the defensive. Did we kindly extend a hand, as your mother often does, to put the hair off the forehead of one, he would start and suddenly raise his arm as if to ward off an expected blow. Now these children have learned that we are their true friends, and they appear to love us. Every day at noon they have, of very plain food, as much as they wish to eat; before eating they repeat, with folded hands, this sweet invocation,

"Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Help us thank Thee for Thy care,
For our food, and clothes, and friends,
All the blessings Jesus sends.
May our love to Thee be given,
Free as mercies flow from Heaven;
From our hearts all evil take,
Hear our prayer, for Jesus' sake."

The next time I write to our industrious little helpers, I must tell them some pleasant things about our present nursery pets.

Your sincere friend, J. S. L.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A PLEASANT REMINISCENCE.

AMONG the earliest memories of childhood, is the vision of a pale, beautiful face bending over me, and a gentle voice saying, "Effie dear, would you like to help auntie get subscribers for the *Advocate*, and donations for the Moral Reform Society. I am not able to go out to-day, and would like a deputy." "Oh, yes, that would be delightful. I should like it of all things!" So duly armed and equipped with pencil and blank-book, I sallied forth, with what success, I am unable to remember. I do remember, however, very distinctly, the prejudice and misapprehension which existed against the Society and its Advocate. A few years after the project of building a "Home for the Friendless" was brought before the Branch Society of M., the excellent pastor addressed

the Society on "What do these feeble Jews." His words were full of encouragement and hope. All conceded the wisdom of the plan, that caring for destitute children, was better than lifting them from the mire after they had plunged into the depth of depravity; but what a strong faith was called for, to believe that a band of feeble women would be able to "arise and build" in the great metropolis, a "Home for the Friendless." Many thousand dollars would be needed for its erection, and then a constant stream of benevolence must be flowing into it to keep it in existence. The treasury was empty, but there were praying ones in those days—a Margaret Prior and many others whose names are written in heaven, remembering that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and that He had promised to supply all their needs, had asked believingly that the hearts of His children might be opened to this charity, and it was done.

The Home was built, and the hearts of Christians of every name, and of many even whose only religion was a love for truth and goodness, were united in this heaven-born charity. The almost unparalleled success which has attended the Society has been a theme of wonder and admiration to those who know not the secret of "prayerful hearts and willing hands." The incubus of a debt of twenty thousand dollars, hung like a dark cloud over its future, at the commencement of 1860, but the first day of 1861 it had passed away. In view of all this our hearts would exclaim, "What hath God wrought," and with renewed faith and zeal, look forward to still greater victories.

The beautiful face which shines like a star amid childhood's memories, has long ago passed from earth, but the teachings of a life filled with deeds of love and mercy, and of a death so calm, peaceful, triumphant, that angels gathered around to witness it, will never be forgotten.

EFFIE JOHNSON.

INDUSTRY IS KING.

A YEAR or two since, a Southern paper exclaimed, "Cotton is King," and then came a mighty shout from the great West, "Corn is King." A correspondent of the *Valley Farmer* goes to the root of the matter, and says that "Industry is King"—the industry that digs from the earth the many ores and fabricates them for commerce; which plants our fields with grain and fruits, and reaps rich harvests for commerce; which rears the humblest and the proudest homes, hamlets, villages and cities, as markets for commerce; and which finally builds the careening ships and whirling cars, by which commerce moves and thrives:

"Let the farmer further consider, before he yields his throne and sceptre, and let men of all honorable labor consider; for to them belongs the sovereignty of earth. The sum of the world's wealth and power is measured by

their brown hands and sinewy arms. They are the creators of commerce, and their industry is king.

'The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, boasting no ancestral birth,
Hew down the woods and dig the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame.'—*Ex. Pa.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

UNION TO CHRIST.—When the Ohio and Baltimore rail-road was completed, that monument of the daring skill of an enterprising people, I traveled over it, drawn by five powerful engines, as the long train slowly mounted to the top of those grand mountains, and then slid down with dizzy velocity to the valleys below. At last we came upon the iron tressel-work bridge over the Cheat River. This bridge was not then enclosed with wood-work or protected by a railing of any kind. We looked far down that terrible leap, from the slender and graceful bridge, composed of iron rods crossing each other at right angles, from cliff to cliff, over that fearful height. Huge trees rose far below, and as we slowly passed, every man, with pale cheeks, stood to his feet. If a bolt broke or slipped, the whole bridge would be endangered in its equipoise, so delicate was its construction. Presently the cars stopped a moment in the centre, and when we had safely crossed, workmen were seen hurrying over the bridge, to ascertain, with plummet and wire, if any depression had occurred. Every bolt and bar was examined that the next train might pass in safety.

I noticed those huge bolts driven into the solid rock on each side of the ravine, and thought what a good illustration it seemed of our union to Christ. We all build bridges over life and death, we equally hope these will prove secure. Some throw over the broad bridge of universal salvation which they think carries every man safely. Others trust themselves to the mere mercy of God, without faith and love, while many rely on good works, their own position, character and worth, to be a sufficient plank across the dreary chasm. How necessary it is, that we should often send the plummet and line of experience across our bridges, to see if the bolts are well rivetted and the bars all firm.

Union to Christ is the best bridge. Now every one knows whether he is joined to Christ by enduring bands. Ask a person if he has an interest in a ship, and he does not say, "I believe so, I hope so, if I am not deceived;" he replies, "Yes, I own a third of her; here are the papers; here the policy of insurance." Why are you not just as sure of a partnership in Christ? Not merely walking with Him, not merely imitating Him, but united to Him, as that bridge is bolted on the rock.

This union is not shown by a few expressions of attachment, a few spasms of gratitude, or a few prayers. A knowledge of great truths is thus obtained and these truths imparted by Christ, become incorporated with the being of such a person. Just as in climbing a mountain, you first discover a few fields and orchards, woods and farm-houses about its base. Toiling upward, you behold villages, lakes, rivers shining in the distance. Up further, and the broad sea glimmers under the horizon, and then the clouds roll at your feet, and weary with the ascent, by-and-by you stand upon the bare

summit alone with God and nature. So the Christian who is united to Christ first discovers but few traces of His love, by-and-by, from a higher stand-point, the broad vista of His providence begins to be mapped out before his gaze. Then he learns the great lesson of faith, (that bridge over unknown depths, for the soul to tread,) begins to see clearly the reason for discipline, disappointment and trial. Further up, his eyes brighten with unclouded hope, full assurance of faith, and then love takes possession. Love, the last, best gift of God's grace, and a perfect surrender of the heart completes the process of life's work. The only thing a mortal can give his God is his whole heart. Happy those who surrender it cheerfully, not waiting for the sharp pruning-knife to divide his idols, nor for the long years of lonely wanderings in the wilderness, before he enter the promised land of full communion with his Saviour.

GRINNELL.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1861.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

RECENTLY in making a personal perambulation among the tenements where want, dissipation and crime are found in close proximity, the necessity for a more enlarged Home Missionary work among the poor of our city never seemed more imperative.

Men and women—bearing the sacred relation of parents! made in the divine image! imbruted, degraded; living amid filth, inviting contagion in its direst forms, full of all uncleanness, repulsive and exceedingly wretched, were found mingled with the poor of a better class. In their midst were several children who seemed glad to be led away to a mission school. The condition of the inmates of one of these tenements may serve as a sample of others, in the same locality. We descended from the side-walk to a half-darkened, unfurnished, unventilated, underground room; finding here five children from three to nine years of age, two men and two women intoxicated, a feeble grandmother shrinking away lest her miserable son should inflict on her the blows of a madman; a lisping little one pleading in vain for bread, and the inebriate mother weeping immoderately because of the physical abuse just inflicted upon her person. The father's bloated face exhibited more of the demon than the man, and as we left with his children for the school, he staggered to the door, muttering threats and looking defiance.

Scenes like this are of common occurrence where the "fire water" debases mind, body and soul. We turn away from this repulsive spectacle, to one of a brighter aspect.

A short walk brings before us the sunny faces of near two hundred girls in a large, airy apartment, neat, orderly and well-behaved, industriously occupied in work and study; and stimulated to improvement by proper motives. Only those who have seen them "as they are and as they were," can appreciate the contrast in their past and present.

As we neared this Home school, a child of nine ran to our side, giving a look of recognition and saying cheerily, "I go to that school yonder every day, ma'am."

"Do you like to go?"

"O, yes, ma'am, we all like it."

"What do you learn there?"

"We learn to read and write, and sew, and (in an under-tone,) we learn something about God."

The whole appearance of this school indicated that they were conscious of really learning "something about God," and that they felt the worth of this most valuable knowledge. Their hushed and respectful manner when His sacred name was mentioned, the understanding they seemed to have of the truths of His holy Word, their ready obedience and strong attachment to their teachers, were very gratifying. Their specimens of sewing, piles of which were before us, indicated application and skill, and its creditable execution gave abundant promise of ability, in coming years, to "live honestly by the work of their own hands."

Of the other Home Schools, which are equally well sustained, similar testimony may be given. The teachers, each and all, exhibit a truly self-denying missionary spirit, and find their reward in the results of their growing work.

The number of children in all our schools has of late averaged over five hundred, to say nothing of irregular attendants, which at this season are often numerous. The influence of the daily instruction given them, cannot fail to reach and benefit some of their poor parents, nor need we suppose that for them, "praying breath" is spent in vain. Had not the Saviour of the lost been ever ready and willing to bless labors like these, would He have used the language to His disciples, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

The care and labor of providing and preparing work and other necessary appliances for these schools, in addition to the daily support of the institution, wholly dependent as it is upon voluntary contributions, is often

oppressive; and our friends will pardon us if we solicit their continued remembrance and aid, even while the attention of Christian laborers continues to be so universally engrossed in the all-absorbing and imperilled interests of our common country.

May not the Home Missionary work at our doors, if well done, prove the "ounce of prevention" that shall tell largely on the future of our own "fatherland," and perhaps prove the most patriotic service now in our power to render.

May grace and wisdom be given so to act in the living present, that amid multiplied duties, we may "do the one and not leave the other undone."

AN UTTERANCE FROM THE PULPIT.

The following earnest utterance from one of the pulpits of our city—reported for the daily press—will be read with interest by every friend of truth and righteousness. The source from which it emanates, the age and antecedents of the venerated speaker, give a weight to the sentiments expressed, almost like a voice from the grave. We infer from the tone of our exchanges, from all sections, that the pulpits of the North that do not respond to this expression are the exception and not the rule. "To the law and to the testimony."

Yesterday (July 1,) was set apart by the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church as a day of humiliation and prayer. In the morning Dr. Spring occupied the pulpit at the Brick Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street. There was a good attendance. The Rev. speaker announced that the subject of his discourse would be found in the 8th chapter of Isaiah, the 12th and 13th verses:

"Say ye not a confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread."

The definitions of the word confederacy were given, including its signification in law as a combination of two or more persons to commit an unlawful act. There were many examples in history of these unlawful and unholy combinations. A prayer for protection against such a combination was found in the 83d Psalm. The States confederated against Israel were many and strong, and the Psalmist prays that they may be utterly routed and destroyed. It was in view of these combinations that the language of the text was uttered. The Lord told the prophet to speak to Ahaz to fear not nor be faint-hearted for the tails of these smoking firebands.

The heritage of the best Government the world had ever seen had been left to us, and according as we were faithful or unfaithful to God, to ourselves and to our posterity, would it be maintained or destroyed. It was obvious that God had a controversy with the American people. If we would avert it we must act wisely in regard to our national sins. What were they? What? Where should he begin? There was covetousness (slaveholding?) which was idolatry, cursing and swearing for which the land mourned, lying and slander which disgraced the public press, the violation of the Sabbath, the scramble for place—a mad ambition, which was the bane of patriotism and the veriest curse of the country. It was a rare thing for those seeking the public favor to be known as honest and true men; self lies at the bottom of their patriotism; they serve their country just so far as their country serves them. We could not look for a return of prosperity until there should be a return of national morality.

The second topic of the discourse was the duty of upholding the national constitution and the government which God had given us. Dr. Spring said he should probably be accused by some, though he trusted by but few, of wandering out of the sphere of the gospel in his remarks, as they would necessarily have a political bearing. Had the Church of God no patriotism? And must the pulpit be proscribed from an utterance of that patriotism? The pulpit during the Revolution was one of the principal means of gaining our independence. The political action of ministers was attended by some perils, and should, therefore be under the influence of a high and holy principle. Religion ought to be carried into every department of life, not excepting the conferences of state. It could not be that religious principles were of no account in our national affairs, while they were of acknowledged importance in everything else. The Bible was full of truth and full of political truth. Those who were now so clamorous against ministers of the Gospel because they stepped forth to sustain our patriotic rulers, did not so much complain of political preaching as the kind of politics preached. Southern preachers might preach politics and urge their hearers to rebellion. The Rev. speaker then referred to the formation of the constitution, when four schemes of government came up for consideration: First, a consolidated form in which there should be no separate state governments. The objection to this plan was that a vigorous government of this kind over all our extent of territory would necessarily be despotic. Another was the ignoring of association, and to act as separate, independent states. To this it was objected that they would be left the prey of foreign intrigue and the victims of mutual rage, rancor and revenge. The third was to form two or more

confederacies, each to be independent of each other. This was unanimously abandoned. The one adopted, the union of all the states and people, accorded to the states attention to the minute parts, and to the general government a protecting care of the whole.

His predilections had been with the South; he had defended the South and her institutions under withering obloquy at home and abroad, and he would do so still if the issue involved the constitutional rights of the South. But they had driven us to the wall, and we had presented to us the issue of government or no government. The time was when the South had friends at the North. He complained of her that she had dealt unfairly. She would fain take away our nationality. He had no idea of peaceable secession; this was a solecism of government. The blow had been struck, and it was too late to talk about any compromise short of that which involved the complete overthrow of rebellion, and the establishment of government. Sympathy for deluded friends who were with the rebels might be natural, but not always guiltless. These sympathies were sometimes appealed to with a crafty design. In conclusion, Dr. Spring exhorted his hearers to recur to God's word, to the constitution of our country, and there take their stand, and let fortune, life, and sacred honor be all merged in the cause of rectitude and truth, in the cause of God and their country.

INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ON one of the loveliest mornings that smiled upon us during the month of flowers, it was our privilege to visit the above-named institution, now located upon the Hudson, some nine miles from the city. A portion of our ride lay through the Central Park—the great breathing place of this million city—now rapidly approaching completion, and seeming, wherever finished, like a thing of beauty, to be a joy forever. A sail, ramble, or ride, in these beautiful grounds, enriched by the combined skill of Nature and art—will ever charm the sense and improve the heart. The immense reservoir, whose solid walls have risen nearly to the altitude designed, looks less and less like old chaos, and when the Croton shall fill its vast basin, and be in working order, the greatness of the finished enterprise must astonish all who behold it for the first time.

So long as the city shall stand, succeeding generations may be grateful for this Park and its appendages.

We found the new edifice, occupied by the Deaf and Dumb, a noble structure, sur-

rounded by summer foliage, within an enclosure of some thirty-eight acres, tastefully improved, affording ample facilities for healthful labor and recreation, and commanding a fine view of the river near the first rise of the palisades. A more attractive location could not be found. The present number of pupils is 308. An experienced corps of officers, teachers, and care-takers, unite their best energies to render the Institution an unspeakable blessing to its many beneficiaries, and an honor to the state, to whose fostering care it owes its enlarged prosperity. The most pleasant hour of the morning was spent with the "high class," a company of advanced pupils, in charge of their accomplished tutor, I. L. Peet, A. M. The very intelligent and happy countenances of this youthful group spoke volumes in favor of their intellectual and Christian training. As we entered the room the class were occupied with a lesson in natural philosophy, in which all seemed much interested. Their ability to compose impromptu is most remarkable. We were introduced as connected with "the Home," etc., after which the entire class expressed very rapidly in writing the thoughts suggested in sign language by the teacher. The following may serve as a specimen.

* * * * *

"Mrs B., we are informed, is one of the Directresses of that noble Institution of charity, the "Home for the Friendless." As she has so clearly evinced her appreciation of the importance of a home and home influences to the welfare of all, both for time and eternity, I feel assured that she will not consider that work less a work of philanthropy, which enables a class of her fellow-beings to enjoy the social pleasures of a home, whether that home be one of luxury and ease, or dependent, for its very existence, upon the exertions of all. This is the work of our Institution. Homes, to be homes, must be more than a place of abode; the mind and the heart need nourishment and repose no less than the body, and were we allowed to remain, as we once were, in isolation, both must starve.

As we were engaged in our natural philosophy recitation, on the entrance of our friends, I am asked which I prefer, that branch of it we are now considering or the part devoted to Astronomy, and although I run the risk of being considered as one of those who choose to look earthward rather than heavenward, I answer that if I could have but one, it should be natural philosophy. Astronomy may be the grander study, for it exalts the mind and enlarges our conceptions of the power of God, to think of the vast and harmonious universe He has made, and its countless myriads of revolving spheres; but

does it not give us a clearer perception of a love equally infinite, to mark His tender care for the little things of earth? An understanding of the laws of nature, also, presents to us an endless series of beautiful and ever-varying analogies between the material and the immaterial worlds, so that nature becomes, instead of a beautifully-colored picture, a grand reality, instinct with life, and throbbing with feeling in every part.

E. IDA MONTGOMERY.

Another gave in the sign language the following, and by request kindly committed it to writing:

Our teacher has just related to us, in signs, the following incident of the siege of Antwerp, taken from Motley's History of the War with the Netherlands. After a few prefatory remarks, setting forth the causes which led to that war; noting the cruelty of Philip of Spain and the oppressions with which he weighed down the nation, until the last feather was added, in the denial of freedom to worship God without the intervention of the Pope, and a flame, long smoldering in the hearts of the people, broke out and burned, despite the holy water that was cast upon it, until the last barrier of the tyrant was reduced to ashes; he gave us the following story:

The treasury of Philip being almost exhausted and his men at arms dispersed in the various wars in which he was engaged, he could devote, to the subjection of the Netherlands, but a small army. Alexander Farnese, to whom the command was entrusted, therefore found himself obliged to depend upon strategy and that patient perseverance by which a small army may be made more than a match for a large one, to compass his ends. Antwerp, being the strongest and most important post in the possession of the people, he resolved to strike home to the heart, and accordingly laid siege to it. But how should he bind that to which God gave liberty, blockade a city, when the broad, deep current of the Scheldt proclaimed it open to the commerce of all nations, with every dash of its fetterless waves?

This was indeed a question, for the current could not be stemmed, and he had no fleet that could cope with that of Antwerp. But soon, in the busy brain of the warrior, there arose a vision. From shore to shore of the defying river, stretched a low, arched bridge, surmounted with forts from which the brazen-throated dogs of war could sweep the whole expanse. To transform this bridge of air into one of wood and stone, he now bent all his energies and soon the noise of driving piles smote upon the ears of the pent thousands within the walls; and as it progressed toward completion, a dark cloud seemed to rise from the besieging army, and settle over the city and riding on it. The people, as they gazed upward, beheld the

grim spectre of starvation. In this hour of darkness, one born beneath skies which had lent Italy's quick terror to his spirit, and its tropic glow to cheek and brow, but who had girded on sword and buckler in the same righteous cause, and vied in generous rivalry with the sons of the soil in its defense, held out to them a hope which made every heart thrill in unison with his own. Beyond the bridge, in sight of the starving people, there hovered, like the eluding fruit of Tantalus, the white sails of their home-bound fleet, and to destroy the barrier, that the ships might bear bread to the famishing, was now their object. Carry it by assault they could not, but ingenuity might accomplish what force could not do, and this was the project that flashed through the brain of Mancini. Building two boats, he cased them in iron and filled their compartments with powder, loaded them down with bits of iron and lead, chains and anchors, missiles meet for the rampart they were to be hurled at. To one he attached a slow match, and in the other he placed a clock, which has no equal in the annals of history, for it measured the life-span of thousands; and when the steel-hammer struck, not on a sounding dome, but on solid flint, it noted no passing hour, but for them the end of time. When all was arranged, he, in some way, notified the waiting fleet, that if the strategy proved successful, a rocket should be sent up to inform them that the way was clear, and then the cords were cut and the boats committed to the tide with a far different freight from that of a tiny bark once launched upon the Nile, but with feelings far deeper; for they bore not one mother's hope, but thousands. Onward they danced oceanward, as though the waters longed to free themselves of the piles against which they raged and foamed, and now a sentinel has discovered the dark floating hulls and their load of combustibles. The alarm is given, and a cry which carries greater terror to a sailor than the black flag of a pirate: "A fire boat! a fire boat!" resounds along the bridge.

All crowd upon it, and with poles and by casting water, endeavor to ward off the boats or wet the powder, and extinguish the matches. See! they are successful, one of them has run against some obstructions, and the slow, coiling train of fire, the nerve that alone can reach its fierce heart has died out: but the other? Ah! that bears slowly downward, as though conscious of its fearful freight. Alexander Farnese himself stood on the bridge, commanding, and infusing his own impetuous spirit into his men, when one of his lieutenants, perhaps inspired by that intuitive foreknowledge of danger which is given to some, rushed up to him and entreated him to leave the bridge and seek a place of less danger. At first, he refused, but when the loss which his life would be to their cause, holy they believed it, to the

progress of the cross, was set forth, he yielded, and was conducted from the bridge. In the meantime, the boat, seemingly guided by some invisible power, has struck one of the arches of the bridge. One moment it paused silent and motionless as the angel of death, for that dreadful instant before the arrow leaves the bow, and then the hammer fell. A cloud arose like that which veils heaven's own artillery and the earth shook to its own fiery centre. No wonder that when the smoke cleared away and the lurid light of the burning fragments disclosed the rent bridge, the heap of mangled bodies, men stunned and blindly groping or struggling in the blood-stained waves of the foaming river, that those waiting to send up the signal to the awe-struck fleet, forgot their duty, and that when the light of morning revealed the havoc that had been made and repaired; that the cry more bitter than all others went up, "Too late! too late!"

* * * * *

Miss Fannie L. Freeman, of Allahabad, India, a daughter of the lamented missionary murdered by the Sepoys, rendered most beautifully in the sign language the following poem, of which we insert an extract. The ease, grace and earnestness accompanying every motion were indescribably impressive.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain high
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest's trampings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

* * * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

Were good angels to visit earth in human form, they might surely linger here with pleased emotions, enjoying communings of

spirit with some, we trust many, in this temple of silence.

As there may be those among our patrons to whom the terms of admission to this Institution, if known, will be of service, we insert the following from the report for 1860—a gem in its way that well repays perusal.

I. Pupils are provided for by the Institution in all respects, clothing and traveling expenses excepted, at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Clothing will also be furnished by the Institution if desired, at an additional annual charge of thirty dollars. Payment is required semi-annually in advance.

II. The regular time of admission is at the close of the vacation, which extends from the last Wednesday of June to the first Wednesday of September. No pupil will be received at any other time, except in very extraordinary cases.

III. No deduction will be made from the annual charge in consequence of absence, on any account whatever, except sickness, nor for the vacation.

IV. Applicants for admission to be educated at the public expense, should be between the ages of twelve and twenty-five years. The Institution will not hold itself bound to receive any not embraced within this rule, but may do so at discretion.

V. Satisfactory security will be required for the punctual payment of bills, and for the suitable clothing of the pupils.

VI. Application from a distance, letters of enquiry, &c., must be addressed, post paid, to the principal of the Institution, Hervey P. Peet. The selection of pupils to be supported at the public expense, is made by the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, to whom all communications on the subject must be addressed.

The HOME Managers—prompted by the hope of aiding the work of their Institution, even “*in troublous times*”—have appointed a committee of two ladies—Mrs. R. P. Penfield and Mrs. E. Graham—to visit their Christian sisters in the several towns on the line of the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads, during the coming month.

Mrs. P. has labored long and usefully in behalf of the Institution, and Mrs. G. has been for some time engaged as a faithful missionary among the poor of our city. The Christian sympathy and co-operation of those with whom they may meet, will be gratefully appreciated.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISITOR.

June, 1861. It is pleasant and right to recognise the hand of God in His blessing upon our labors from time to time, and often to see how graciously and yet how unexpectedly He rewards them. I received, a few days since, a letter from a lady in Boston, who, in visiting a

friend, found she had adopted a little girl from New York. The child, on finding the lady had just come from New York, asked if she knew me, and I thus traced out her history. She is a child whom, three years ago, I found in a garret in C. street, living with a father and mother, neither of whom were ever sober. Annie was a bright and exceedingly pretty child, but my horror was extreme on finding, two days after she entered our Industrial School, that she was *drunk*. She was but six years old, and yet no man could have been more evidently and decidedly drunk than was this little Annie. I visited the parents and talked to them about it, showing them it was their own sin which the child of course would follow. They were always too drunk to see the truth, or in fact the sense of what I would say, and in the course of a hundred visits to this wretched room, I never could find them anything but stupidly drunk. Those very frequent visits, however, which seemed so useless, and of so little avail, were the means of keeping Annie in the school, and making her love it and myself more and more. She certainly became a far better girl, and seemed to learn and remember what she had heard of Jesus and His love for little children.

Yet, in spite of this improvement, I have seen the course of so many just like Annie, that the feeling would come to me that unless God took her from her home and the streets, she would not grow up a good and honest girl, much less a Christian. The only trust seemed prayer, and I entreated for her with earnestness and tears, that God would save her in His own good way. I was summoned one morning, after things had gone on thus in Annie's family for about a year and a half, to their room in C. street. Hastening there, I learned that her mother and father, having quarreled, the latter had struck his wife, and she being drunk, fell with her head against the stove and expired. Annie was sitting in great terror, and the father stood swearing by the stove. He raised his hand to strike as I entered; but I met him so kindly that he softened in a few moments. I found Annie could not be removed to the Home while her father was there, and bidding him good-by, I hastened into the street. The quarrels excited no tumult in the neighborhood, for sad to say, they are too frequent in C. street to be noticed by its inhabitants. Finding on the corner a policeman who knew the family well, I told him my story, and he started to arrest the man and place him in prison. Praying earnestly for Annie as I walked, and feeling she was surely to be saved, I started to return to the alley where she lived, but was stopped by a woman in distress, whom I knew, and was obliged to talk to a few moments. As I left her and hurried on and into Annie's room, I found it crowded with poor miserable wretches, looking at Mrs. L. who lay dead upon

the bed. They said a policeman had taken Mr. L. “to the island,” and as for Annie, she had gone; all my answer was, “Faith, and it's gone she is.” I hunted for her weeks after, everywhere, and whatever the human means might be, I felt God had her in His keeping, and would save Annie in His own way. And from that day until my friend wrote, her history had been to me unknown. Annie has herself written me since, and here I behold God's power and love.

She heard the men and women on that dreadful morning, say they would take her, and one Bridget Maloney was to send her daily to beg. Annie had learned in school too much to feel anything but horror at this thought, and fearing from my long stay I was not to return, she fled quickly and quietly from the house. She ran to a house some two miles from C. street, where a sister lived—a good girl, so good that for two years she had refused to mingle with her old acquaintances in C. street, and in self-preservation was obliged to remain in her place without going to see her parents. She was a noble girl, a member of one of our churches, through the influence of the faithful mistress with whom she lived.

It so happened when Annie went to this house, a gentleman was just starting for his home in Boston. As Mary brought her sister Annie in, he was struck with her bright face and her whole appearance, and having heard her story, he asked her, if she would like to go with him and be his little daughter. Annie was delighted with the thought; and dressed for her journey in new and nice clothes, she must have been a very attractive looking child. The testimony from the lady and gentleman who have taken her as a daughter is, that this year and a half have wrought a great change in Annie, and she is growing up a noble and good girl.

Did not God use His own time and means to answer prayer, and should not our watch-word to our fellow-workers be: “Let us not be weary in well doing?”

In the same house in which Annie lived was a child of Annie's age, whose parents, like Annie's, were continual drunkards. Jane was not as good as Annie, and during those years she attended school, although she improved some, the influence of her home seemed to retard all improvement. A month since Jane ran away from home because her father had beaten her. It seems the very night she ran away, the mother in fighting, struck the father and killed him. I had placed Jane, through the law, in a safe home, and her mother's attempts to reach her were unavailing. The month has worked a great change in Jane already. It is a sad fact, almost a universal fact, that these little ones cannot permanently improve, unless removed from their homes of sin and misery; and how can we expect them

to, seeing from babyhood every kind of vice, offered drink, and intentionally taught to swear. How can we expect it? And can we be too grateful, when God opens the way for them to go to some place, like our Home, where they are trained for God and for heaven? K.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR MAY.

[Concluded.]

A BEAUTIFUL little girl was brought by a respectable-looking woman, who seemed much attached to her. The history she gave was, that, two years since she advertised for an infant, to nurse; this child, then very young, was brought to her by persons dressed richly. The amount asked, was paid for one month in advance; the same individuals came at the time specified, and paid for one month more, since which she has never heard from the parties. Last January her husband died, and poverty alone makes her part with the infant. She could not bear to put her in the Almshouse, and had an article published in a daily paper, offering to give away the deserted child; several persons applied, none of whom found favor in the eyes of the good care-taker. Meantime she heard about the Home, and came, as she said, to see for herself. Her scrutiny seemed to satisfy her, and the child was legally committed, and is already transferred to the guardianship of a good family.

A little girl of five months, was received from her father, who had himself taken care of the babe and its sick mother until her death occurred some weeks since; he thought he could support his two boys. We could not refuse a place to the helpless infant, although our nurseries are very full. We do believe that ere long, many of these little ones will find "a place and a name" in better homes than this, which is only designed as a resting-place for the way-faring children of want and sorrow.

A pitiful-looking woman with many tears resigned her youngest and only little girl; she gave the following narrative: "Twenty-five years ago, in England, I was married and with my husband embarked at once for America, we landed in New York. My husband was a designer and pattern-maker; he soon obtained employment in Paterson, N. J. At the expiration of five years, we were worth nearly two thousand dollars. We were induced to take a small hotel in Pearl St., in this city, which we furnished. We often wished for our old business, but we could not sell out; and had to do the best we could. When Harper's Publishing House was destroyed by fire, thirteen years ago, our house was burned and nearly all our furniture. We took rooms, and my husband procured work at his trade, and I made tassels, which I had learned to do when I was a girl; and so we struggled along. Then came a great deal of sickness, one after another of our chil-

dren died; and my husband was broken down with sickness and trouble. We sent our oldest boy to his grandfather's, in England, we have heard that he is now in the British navy; our other boy went on board an American ship-of-war, and is now in the Mediterranean. The father died, and I took care of myself and baby, by making tassels for window-shades. Last fall my work failed, and I earned what I could, sometimes at sewing, sometimes at washing and mending. In February the house was burned where I lived, and all that I had left, except a part of our clothing. A woman let me come into her room, and I would get a little work now and then. In March I was hired to clean house, and I hoped to have strength to earn a good deal. At noon, on the second day, while I was eating my dinner, a little boy untied a cord which held one side of the step-ladder, the hook was broken and its place supplied by the string. I went up to the top of the ladder, to go on with my work, with a pail of water in my hand, when it fell, and the fall hurt me badly. It was ten days before I could use my right arm, and it is still weak. Two weeks ago I went to work out, the woman is sick, and they could not have my child, they paid me in advance to get her boarded. Yesterday I got permission to go and see her, and found her dirty and hungry, and the woman lying on the floor, unable to rise; even my baby's clothes she had sold for rum, nothing was left but those she had on, which were the poorest garments she had. I have no place to keep her, and no money to pay, could I find a place. They told me that you were good and kind here, and would not let a child suffer, and that when you 'put her out,' you would look after her and not allow her to be abused; I must give her to you." The future is all unknown, but who would not pray that the life-story yet unfolded of this child may have more of brightness and sunshine, than has that of her poor mother.

A sad-looking, feeble woman brought her baby, had heard that children would get good care here until they were "adopted out." She had "no way to do for her child," and wanted to give it to us, had an older one, which she thought she could take care of. Her husband died three months since, had no relations except a sister in Canada, and no friends to help her, did not know of any work; but thought if she had not the babe in her arms, she could find something to do. We advised her to try to keep both children a while longer, she has her little furniture and the landlord will allow her to remain longer, if she pays part of her rent, which is now due; it is thought best to assist her in this way. This makes the fourth case, this month, of nearly parallel circumstances. Our hearts are pained with the recitals of suffering which we can only partially relieve, and yet we rejoice greatly that the liberal-

hearted helpers of our work continue to give us money, enabling us, as their almoners, to mitigate so many scenes of woe. Sometimes we find an irritation of feeling, that finds expression like this, "I don't know what I've ever done, that I should be brought to such straits as I am in, I'm sure I've always tried to work, and to do as well as I could; I never thought I should live to see so much trouble."

We try to encourage such to hope for better days, we beg them to trust in the Lord, who can from darkness bring forth light, and whose presence and blessing is sure to those who seek strength and aid from Him.

Received a bright little German boy, with the olive complexion peculiar to Spain rather than Germany. With the mother came a friend who could speak English better than herself. Within a year she had buried her husband and an infant. She had worked hard, and had paid all that she could earn for the board of her child, now she is in great need of clothing, and cannot continue to support him. She was perfectly calm, almost stolid, and did not receive our sympathy. We advised that she try still longer, that it was a sad thing to part with one's only child, we would endeavor to get her a place with her boy. We then learned that she had a spinal difficulty, and worked in constant pain, she spoke but little; the woman with her answered all our questions. After some consultation, we told her to think about it, and if she should still think it best, we would receive the child. Several hours later in the day she walked away quietly. In the afternoon returned alone, and sat down in the reception-room. We said, have you decided to give us little G.? The pale woman looked up, with an indescribable expression of anguish in her dark eyes, then dropping her face upon her open hands, she burst into a paroxysm of weeping, "Oh, I must! I must!" said she, "but it cuts my heart right in two." We could not resist our tears. She continued in broken language, "Yes, you are sorry you can't help it, I know you sorry, I am sick, all sick, I guess I soon die; then you will take good care of G. Will take good care? put him mit goot peoples, he vill pray, vill be goot; his fader vary goot man." With such assurances as we could give, we replied to these affecting interrogations. She grew composed, and soon recovered that stoical manner which at first had led us to think her deficient in "that love which mothers feel." How was our harsh judgment reprov'd, as, heart-humbled, we stood by that quivering frame, in its bursting forth of uncontrollable grief. Surely it is a lesson, long to be remembered.

One mother was assisted to go to her friends in Cleveland, O., with her two children. Another to Prince Edward's, with her two children.

The month was filled with most interesting

incidents. The pleasant homes in the country, to which so many have been taken, are sunny pictures to the mind's eye of all the friends of our Home enterprise.

STATISTICS FOR MAY.

Adults admitted, 24 ; dismissed, 23 ; remaining, 42 ; Children admitted, 28 ; dismissed, 33 ; deceased, 2 ; remaining, 117.—Total, 159.

Correspondence.

The Shareholders.—I have too long neglected to express my gratitude to you for the regular receipt of your most excellent paper, and acknowledge my neglect to lay the subject of the Home for the Friendless before the congregation of my charge.

This I have deferred from the fact of their want of means to contribute anything for the Home. Commencing a new settlement on the pine barrens, they have, besides contributing a small sum for preaching and sustaining a Sabbath school, all they can do to keep stern want from their own doors. But recollecting that your glorious cause was aided, not by money only, but by sympathy and prayers, I endeavored to excite the latter, confident that what they deeply felt for, and earnestly prayed for, they might at some time devise methods to aid more efficiently.

I selected for my text, Job 29. 11, 12, 13, and 16, and endeavored to show them how laudably you were imitating the bright example of Job, in searching out the causes you knew not, and delivering the poor that cried, thus causing the blessing of him that was ready to perish, to come upon you, and also causing the widow's heart to leap for joy. I showed them what the Home was doing, and who were the sharers in the blessing. As in large business concerns, every contributor was a stockholder ; and every stockholder was a sharer in the loss or gain of the establishment ; so in the Home there are various stockholders, each of whom enjoys a share of the blessings resulting from this Home for the Friendless.

Here I found as a sharer, the infant or young child, as a brand plucked from the burning—saved from death, or worse than death—a pestilential moral influence, and provided with a Christian home, under good, moral, and religious influences, where, under the blessing of God, it may learn to praise Him eternally, and bless the many thousand kind friends who have united their energies to establish the Home. Here, too, I found on the list of sharers, the immediate managers of the Institution, who, though way-worn by constant labor, and sorrowful by every day's report and spectacle of wrongs and outrages with which earth is filled, yet always rejoicing that they are accounted worthy to labor for God and alleviate in some good degree suffering humanity.

I found, also, among the stockholders, the distant donors, who find it "more blessed to give than to receive," thus receiving and sharing their portion of the ten thousand blessings lavished upon the Home, by those ready to perish, and who must have perished but for their timely contributions. I thought here of the hundredfold in this life ! how God rewards His children. Who would not be a stockholder in God's great bank of benevolence ? Then, too, who could forget the shares received by the foster-father and mother ? how happy they in the privilege to care for, to love, and to mold the immortal mind, and train it up for God and everlasting glory. O, the all-absorbing thought ! who is sufficient for these things ! But how great the happiness of the faithful !

Contrasted our happy land, under its benign influence, with the "dark places of the earth," which are full of the habitations of cruelty. Here the infant and infirm are kindly cared for : there in many places they are murdered or left to perish without an eye to pity or a hand to relieve. That the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, whilst so many are perishing for lack of knowledge or the means of support. Also commended to them the *Advocate and Guardian*, and closed with a few reflections on the many occasions we have for gratitude for a religion fraught with such innumerable blessings to mankind.

Though I am not in circumstances to do as I could wish, I count it a privilege to be numbered among the oldest and best friends of the Society, having sympathized with, and prayed and labored for the cause, from the beginning of the enterprise to the present time.

Yours, for the homeless,

DANIEL PLATT,

Pastor of the Free mission Baptist Ch. in Heath.

Allegan, Allegan Co., Mich., June 10, 1861.

Savin Hill, Dorchester Co., Mass., June 19, 1861.

Dear and Beloved Sister:—Two months have elapsed since I left New York. My heart was with you all the time during anniversary week ; I realized to myself each hour of those days, how you would all look and be occupied. A good friend kindly wrote me some particulars of the meeting, and I received the full reports in the *Advocate*. How interesting the *Advocate* is ! none of you can realize, till like me, all communion with the blessed work at the Home has ceased, and its pages convey the all of information of scenes and labors once so familiar. I can scarcely believe it yet, that I am no longer one of that Christian sisterhood. I had clung through my years of exile to the Christian friendships I had formed in early life in England ; you, and through you, the members of your Society, were the first Christians I had the privilege of knowing in America. Not but that I must have met them as acquaintances,

but at the Home, you understand, we met as workers for Christ, and oh, how grateful do I feel to you individually, who, though I was a "stranger," yet took me into your bosom, and made me one of your own body. I hope opportunities may yet be mine, to aid in forwarding the work you all have so much at heart.

I am just now occupied in thought on an article my husband has suggested to me to write, in answer to one that appeared lately in an English periodical, (*Once a Week*) on "Thieves and Thieves' Children." The writer professes to have been an intimate associate of thieves, and the purport of the article is an appeal or inquiry as to what is to be done with these Pariahs, numbered by thousands. He has come to the conclusion that the only way is "to exterminate them—exterminate them through their children." The Ragged School and the Reformatory, excellent in their way, do not meet the difficulty, for the children would be constantly exposed to the temptations of old associates. His remedy, then, is *Compulsory Juvenile Emigration*. The difficulties that lie in the way of making this scheme practical, are manifold. The success of your Home-work, since you adopted the motto, "Save the children," would give him courage.

I have been looking over the Annual Report of the A. F. G. S. for 1860, and the life of Mrs. Prior, and also the *Advocates*, for facts and statistics. Not to enlarge on these so much as to be accurate in my statements, do not you think the Home idea of planting out these children of degeneration in families, is the idea to suggest ? We have no elbow-room in England, and some way or other, we have not so many childless people to furnish children to ; so that Barabbas, as the writer in much humility signs the paper, is quite right in looking to emigration as the only door of deliverance open.

I would like to interest you and the ladies that frequent the Home, in a school recently opened at Stratford, Conn. Mrs. Patterson, whose circular I enclose, is an English widow lady, a truly pious woman, and I know children committed to her care, would receive most careful Christian training. She has two little daughters, whose beauty of character justifies me in saying that the mother is truly competent to undertake the instruction of children, especially their moral and religious training. These dear little girls no sooner heard of the Home than they set to work and furnished quite a little bandbox full of work for Mrs. Wight's table, last bazaar.

I had a letter recently from one of my beloved English friends, a passage in which will interest you. She writes from Manchester, my native place ; in our unmarried days we were fellow-workers in the "Provident Society," weekly visitors to our apportioned districts among the working poor ; so she is interested

in hearing of your Home, and knows I shall be equally interested in hearing what the Lord has found for her to do: "We have now a Bible Woman's Society, on the plan of the London one—sending forth good Christian women of the lower class, among their neighbors, to teach, civilize, and evangelize them in their own homes and families, each reader superintended by a lady. I am in connection with two of them and meet about once a week, a number of women for an hour and a half, in a cottage or large room, to read to and instruct them in the word of God and their common duties as wives and mothers, while they sew or bring their babes with them. I hope it may do good here, as it has done in London, though less needed by our people than in the dense wretched population there. At present it is an experiment in its infancy—only begun a few months ago, and about nine women employed."

The writer of the above is the daughter of one of Manchester's greatest philanthropists, and is now the wife of Henry Rogers, the author of the Greyson Letters, so favorably reviewed by Melva. My friend is so devoted to her studious husband, to whom she often acts as amanuensis, that she has little leisure for correspondence, but I hope some future day to report her progress in spreading the good work of the Missing Link.

The *Advocate* for 15th June, reached me yesterday; how full of good things I find it. It would fill a letter to comment on each article. The letter of Winnie to her sister Ellie opens with a subject similar to my correspondent's. The meeting she attended is very touchingly related. I have dwelt the most, perhaps, on the shortest article, "A Voice from Washington." We have an American Miss Nightingale in the indefatigable Miss Dix, we want a Miss Marsh, too. I mean the Miss Marsh who wrote, "English Hearts and English Hands." I came here just at the out-burst of patriotic feeling, and have seen troop after troop parade the streets of Boston. No words can express how my heart yearns over every unknown lad, with his earnest resolute face. One sees none of that recklessness so commonly associated with soldiery. Truly it is a solemn season, and seems the most appropriate for the fitly-spoken word to reach the ear of the thoughtless, who have lived careless lives, may be, but certainly not hardened ones; shall we not care for the souls of those who freely shed their blood and sacrifice their worldly prospects for their country's salvation? I am fully satisfied that as soon as this pressing want is felt, it will be remedied.

I have left no space to send love and remembrances to my dear friends of the "Board." May the grace of God be with you all, is the prayer of your sincere and affectionate friend,

E. J. NEWBERRY.

Morristown, June 21st.

My dear Sisters:—The news that my son returned in safety from the conflict at Bethel, though exposed to great peril, and fired at repeatedly while aiding in carrying off the wounded, ought to fill me perhaps with hope and trust in a Providence, which has shown Himself so "mighty to save." I do feel grateful—truly grateful, but I think the details of the battle have given me a more vivid realization of the peril to which my only son is daily exposed. I see the enemy seem to be drawing closer and closer round Fortress Monroe, and hourly I fear I may hear of some new engagement. I write to ask, that for the sake of Christian love and Christian fellowship, you will, in our meetings, remember me and mine in this, his hour of peril. I think you have done so. Exposed as my son was, I think the shield of prayer must have protected him, and I now entreat that you will aid me both in thanking God for the past, and seeking His saving power for the future. Will you not when next you meet together?

Our *Advocate* comes to me regularly, and I hail it as a dear friend. After reading it myself, if I can find a good opportunity, I hand it to one or another I may chance to meet, hoping thus to aid a little in the ever-growing work of the Home. I think there are those here who take an interest in our Institution, though at present the sympathies and energies of the ladies are turned to aiding those who seek to defend our country. * * * *

Will you remember me to Mrs. L—, as one whose own anxiety makes her think very often and very tenderly of those who suffer the same. Please also remember me with true regard to all the dear members of our Home Board. Yours, very truly,
J. W.

CAROLINE E., wife of Alanson Green, of Guilford, New York, died March 25th, 1861. This is the brief record of a great sorrow, which nothing but the Balm in Gilead can cure. By this "fell stroke of death," a devoted husband has been bereft of the wife of his love, a doting mother of an only child, the church of one of its brightest ornaments, the American F. G. Society of a warm and constant friend, and society of one who was always ready for every good word and work. A helpless infant has also been deprived of a mother's love and prayers. It is a sad bereavement and our only consolation is the thought that "God hath done it," and "He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." May we follow her as she followed Christ.
E. J. R.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
From June 10th to June 25th, 1861.

HOME.

Mass.—Mrs Dr Bradford, Montague..... \$ 50
Conn.—Lina and Maggie, Norfolk..... 1 00

A. B. Eldridge Fair Haven.....	50
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N. Y.—Five Corners, package of clothing from Mrs S. E. Starr
Roxbury, barrel of quilts and clothing from Mrs E. D. Preston, dried apples and beans from Mrs Alexander More, also a package from Little Hattie Ryer, 8 years of age
Jordanville and Henderson Female Guardian Society, box of clothing, etc., per S. M. Wightman
Yonkers, Trunk of clothing
N. Y. City.—2 prs pantaloons for Ind. School Boys from Mrs E. C. Benedict
A useful parcel for H. I. S. No. 2, from Claflin and Mellan, per Mrs Vandyke.
Package of clothing from Mrs E. P. Dodge
41 piece: of tinware from John D. Locke, per Mrs Starr
Package of books from Mrs David Hoadley, do.
Package of baisted work for I. School, Mrs John Kemp, do.
3 doz school books from Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, do.
Parcel clothing from Mrs C. L. Tiffany.
N. J.—Greenwich, Box of clothing from a few friends, of the Pres. Church
O.—Mantua, barrel of quilts and clothing from Mrs Julia Eggleston, Mrs Mary Ann Hammond and Miss Amanda Post, also 2 pair stockings and a cradle-quilt from Julia E. Hammond
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Box of clothing

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

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601-60-626

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The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

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The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, July 3, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

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2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

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Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed

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